

Found Family by fullofwander

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Summary:

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“What, the sweater?” Steve asked, taking the candy cane out of his mouth and looking down at himself. He thought it was pretty self-explanatory...no matter how much Rudolph shoved, Santa wasn’t going to fit down the chimney.

“No, this whole weird-ass group kumbaya thing you guys have going on,” Billy answered. “Why the hell do you guys spend so much time together? It’s not like you all are related or the same age or anything.”

Behind Steve, someone (he thought it might be Hopper) was at the piano plunking out *We Wish You a Merry Christmas*, gracelessly and not entirely in tune. That didn’t stop some of the others from joining in and singing along, encouraged by the laughter and group comradery.

Steve’s heart warmed at the sound, the feeling curling a smile in the corner of his mouth. He glanced at the mishmash group of people in the living room, squished together on the couch or spread out on the floor with paper plates piled high with food, before turning back to Billy. Billy, standing all alone out in the winter night, confusion mixed with longing written across his face as he stared over Steve’s shoulder at the warm scene.

“We’re family,” Steve said simply, shrugging his shoulders. He paused for a moment, sucking on his candy cane in contemplation, thinking that Billy didn’t look like the asshole bully he’d come up against several times over the last few months. He looked lost and alone and longing. Coming to a decision, he asked, “Want to come in?”